I can no longer hold me patient.
Heare me you wrangling Pyrates that fall out,
In sharing out that which you haue pild from me:
Which of you trembles not that lookes on me?
If not, that *I* being Queene, you bow like subiects,
Yet that by on depoſde, you quake like rebels:
O gentle villaine, do not turne away.

Glo. Foule wrinkled witch, what makſt thou in my ſight?

Qu. M. But repetition of what thou haſt mard,
That will *I* make, before *I* let thee goe:
A husband and a ſonne thou oweſt to me,
And thou a kingdome, all of you alleageance:
The ſorrow that *I* haue, by right is yours,
And all the pleaſures you vſurpe, is mine.

Glo. The curſe my noble father laid on thee,
When thou didſt crowne his warlike browes with paper,
And with thy ſcorne drewſt riuers from his eyes,
And then to drie them, gau'ſt the Duke a clout,
Steept in the blood of prettie Rutland:
His curſes then from bitterneſſe of ſoule,
Denounc'd againſt thee, are fallen vpon thee,
And God, not we, hath plaugde thy bloodie deede.

Qu. So iuſt is God to right the innocent.

Haſt. O twas the foulеſt deed to ſlay that babe,
And the moſt mercileſſe that euer was heard of.

Ri. Tyrants themſelues wept when it was reported.

Dorſ. No man but prophecied reuenge for it.

Buc. Northumberland then preſent, wept to ſee it.

Qu. Mar. What? were you ſnarling all before I came,
Readie to catch each other by the throat,
And turne you now your hatred all on me?
Did Yorkes dread curſe preuaile ſo much with heauen,
That Henries death, my louely Edwards death,
Their kingdomes loſſe, my wofull baniſhment,
Could all but anſwere for that peeuiſh brat?
Can curſes pierce the cloudes, and enter heauen?
Why then giue way dull cloudes to my quicke curſes:
If not by warre, by ſurfet die your king:
As out by murder, to make him a king.

Edward thy ſonne, which now is Prince of Wales,
For Edward my ſon, which was Prince of Wales.
Die in his youth, by like vntimely violence,
Thy ſelfe a Queene, for me that was a Queene,
Out liue thy glorie, like my wretched ſelfe:
Long maiſt thou liue to waile thy childrens loſſe,
And ſee another, as I ſee thee now,
Deckt in thy glorie, as thou art ſtald in mine:
Long die thy happie daies before thy death,
And after many lengthened houres of greefe,
Die neither mother, wife, nor Englands Queene,
Riuers and Dorſet, you were ſtanders by,
And ſo was thou Lo. Haſtings, when my ſonne
Was ſtabd with bloody daggers, God I pray him,
That none of you may liue your naturall age,
But by ſome vnlookt accident cut off.

Glo. Haue done thy charme thou hatefull withered hag.

Qu. M. And leaue out thee? ſtay dog, for thou ſhalt hear me
If heauen haue any greeuous plague in ſtore,
Exceeding thoſe that *I* can wiſh vpon thee:
O let them keepe it till thy ſinnes be ripe,
And then hurle downe their indignation
On thee the trubler of the poore worlds peace:
The worme of conſcience ſtill begnaw thy ſoule,
Thy friends ſuſpect for traytors while thou liueſt,
And take deepe traytors forth, deareſt friends.
No ſleepe cloſe vp that deadly eye of thine,
Vnleſſe it be whileſt ſome tormenting dreame
Affrights thee, with a hell of vgly diuels.
Thou eluiſh markt, abortiue rooting hog,
Thou that waſt ſeald in thy nativitie
The ſlaue of nature, and the ſonne of hell,
Thou ſlaunder of thy mothers heauie wombe,
Thou loathed iſſue of thy fathers loynes,
Thou rag of honour, thou deteſted, &c.

Glo. Margaret.

Qu. M. Richard. *Glo.* Ha.

Qu. M. *I* call thee not.

Glo. Then I crie thee mercie: for *I* had thought